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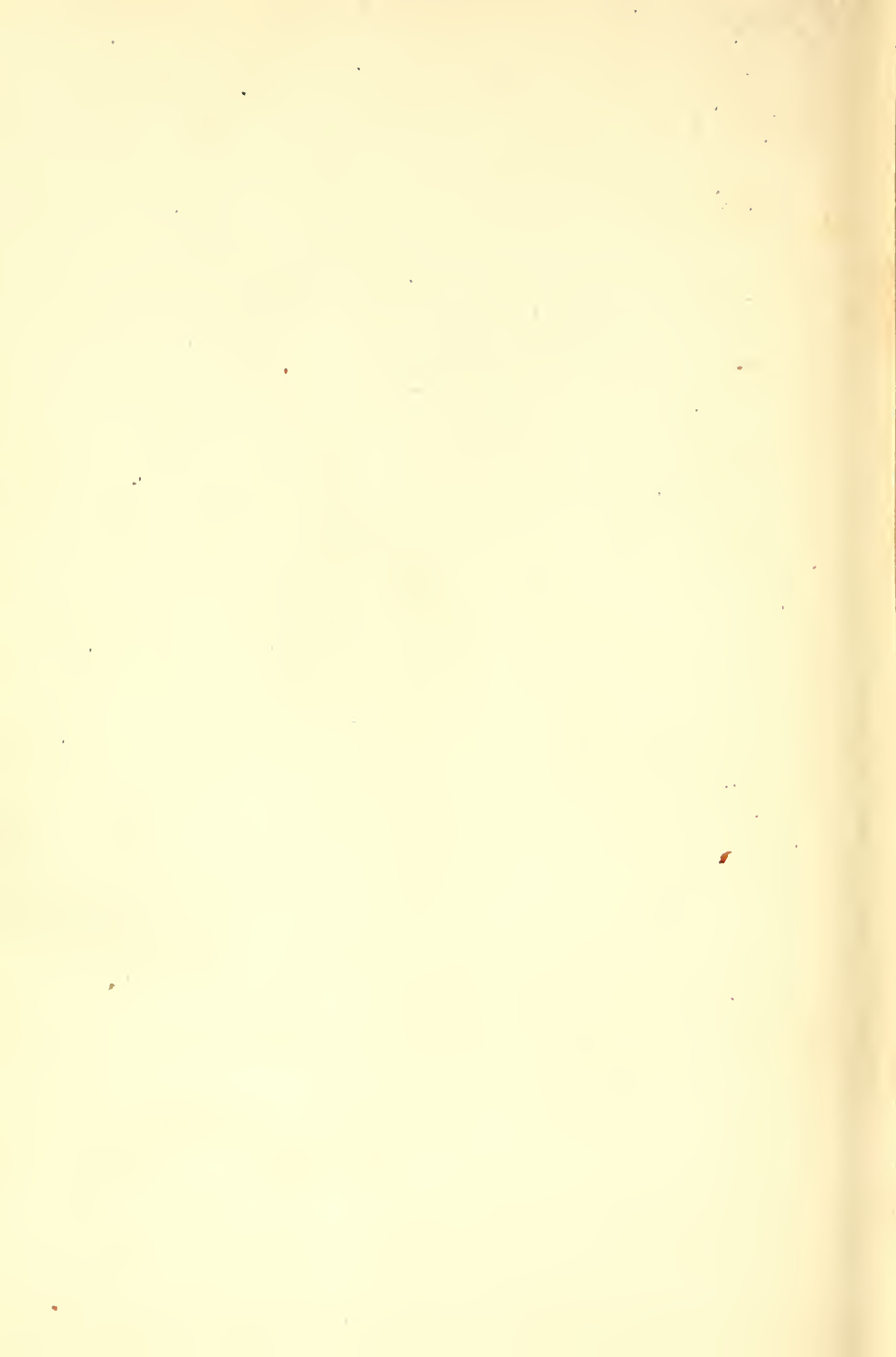
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





GOLDEN HEADS.









GOLDEN HEADS.

BY

HETTY HEARTHSTONE.

WARE, MASS.,

PRESS OF CHAS. W. EDDY,

1894.

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BY C. W. EDDY.

DEDICATION.

Dedicated to my much loved grandchild whose
childhood days lent often the buttercup's hue to an
otherwise somber life.

GOLDEN HEADS.

No little patter-foot coming more near,

No little golden head nestling near mine,
No sweet good morning to make life more dear,
No loving arms round my neck doth entwine.

No little brown eyes, that dance with delight

While the feet caper and prance,
No merry dimples that play at "Bo Peep"
As she's playing whirl in the dance.

No little birdling that sings at my door

The songs that are sweetest to hear,
While she often peeps in to ask, o'er and o'er,
Do you like it my Grandmama dear?

No little hand bringing oftentimes a flower,

With Heaven taught purpose to cheer ;
Thus weaving round each a halo, so bright,
Of memories lasting and dear.

No little questions that need wise reply,

And tax to the utmost my brain ;

No little stories, that never grow old,

Though repeated again and again.

No little chair drawn close to my own

In the hush of the twilight hour ;

No little love-pats, a language their own,

Are speaking with magical power.

No little voice offers prayer by my bed,

With eyes oft uplifted to mine ;

Nor blessing I give with my hand on her head,

While she asks a blessing divine.

No little one comes with her good night kiss ;

Sweet golden haired fairy she seems ;

As, thus rounding out our glad day of bliss,

She flits to the blest land of dreams.

Two little golden heads, once I called mine,

That now from my home nest have flown ;

The one has turned a sunny brown

And claims the gold her own.

And I am left alone to bear
My weariness and pain ;
How oft I lift the silent prayer,
Give back my Golden Heads again.

TINY PEBBLES.

Do you cast tiny pebbles
In the placid lakelet's face,
Watching then the circling ripples,
As around they seem to chase?

Thus whene'er you give a pleasure
To your little playmates hearts,
It will waken dancing dimples,
At the joy your gift imparts.

So, I'd have you learn a lesson
From the circling ripples chase,
That your life may waken dimples
In the hearts as well as face.

OUR HOME

Around our door is blooming
Sweet eglantine, the Rose :
While Woodbine and Clematis
A softened shadow throws.

White lilies of the vale, and lilies of a day,
Give us their Heaven born fragrance,
Each in their own sweet way.
And the graceful elm tree branches,
Afford me grateful shade,
'Neath which I watch the flitting
Of the veriest sunbeam made,
As she gathers lilac clusters,
Or sweet mock orange spray,
And bids me bind them in a wreath,
For her own crown to-day.

And then again we gather
 Ripe strawberries, so red,
The sweetest ever growing
 From Grandmama's own bed.
And grapes in full green clusters
 Are hanging o'er us high,
And promise purple richness
 In the days of by and by.

We have a tiny forest bower,
 Of dark browed evergreen.
And oft I pass a pleasant hour
 As golden heads are seen ;
Their floating tresses catching oft
 As they flit in and out ;
While from within, there comes the sound
 Of "Bo Peep's" merry shout.

The little birds, at evening,
 Come swinging on the vine
That o'er our cosy resting place,
 Its green leaves doth ertwine,

The language of their chirping
 We cannot quite divine.
 But fancy that it breaths of love,
 Like talks of yours and mine.

What merry making we do have,
 And taking tea together,
 When rain drops, on the window pane,
 Tell us of dreary weather.
 And oft sweet music do we hear,
 Mama's dear hand is waking,
 So sweet, our joyous hearts, it seems,
 To fairy land she's taking.
 And tiny feet, with dancing tread,
 Are working out their pleasure,
 While tiny voice comes chiming in
 With now and then a measure.

Oft hand in hand we wander,
 Queens in our simple way ;
 Because we do not squander
 The pleasures of our day.

And many times we whisper
Of the One that gives such store :
And that our joys may linger,
Each morning we implore.

The gay, the giddy and the great,
Were puzzled, here, to find
The joys and beauties of our home,
So pleasing to our mind.
But Grandmama wears glasses
Set in love's golden bows ;
And Nannie sees a beauty
Wherever Grandma shows.

GRANDMA'S PET.

Grandma has a little pet,
Her years of age are two,
She has a head of golden hair,
And wears a dress of blue.

She has eyes of darkest brown,
And they are very bright,
It fills her Grandma's heart with joy
To see their dancing light.

She comes to see her every day,
And says "I brought you this ;"
Then on to Grandpa's knee she climbs
And gives a loving kiss.

We talk about the birds and flowers,
And for the pictures look ,
But Grandma says the sweetest one
Is not within the book.

And then half catching at the thought,

“Love me?” she’ll sweetly say ;

While smiles around the little mouth,

With dimples are at play.

Love you? my little treasure dear,

Yes more than tongue can tell ;

And hugging close the little pet,

You cannot know how well.

OUR QUEEN'S SLIPPER.

A tiny slipper, of glossy bronze,

That encased a foot most fair,

And finished a form alight with grace,

And tresses of golden hair.

And worn it was by a household queen,

O'er a worshipful kingdom small,

Who wielded the sceptre of sweet child love,

As we bowed before its thrall.

Twenty-five years have I kept guard,
O'er this memento fair,
Of the days when we dandled our baby queen,
With the tresses of golden hair.

It now returns our queen to serve,
As a watch case silken lined ;
And a birthday token of that true love,
That mother and child doth bind.

And over the other I'll still keep guard
With a mother's watchful care,
For I ne'er behold, but it brings to me
Our Queen with the golden hair.

EASTER DAY.

Why do they call it Easter day,

And deck God's house with flowers?

And why do we bear the banners gay

In these tiny hands of ours?

And why are the sounds of the carols sweet,

Resounding through the air,

As we bear them aloft on our Easter march

And lay them on altars fair?

I know they are telling of something good,

These beautiful Easter flowers,

For I did learn in my babyhood,

'Twas the day of joyous hours.

And I have seen your face aglow,

When these gifts, of beauty rare,

Were brought to grace your own sick room,

And shed their perfume there.

Now tell me plainly, Grandma dear,
What mean these tokens fair?
And why we sing the carols sweet,
And the gilded banners bear?

It is the day on which Christ rose
From the dark and cheerless grave :
For He was sent on earth to die,
Our souls from sin to save.

He is sitting now at God's right hand,
And intercedes with prayer,
That when we die we too may rise
To that home so bright and fair.

And so, on this Holy Easter day,
We offerings bring and flowers :
For our Lord has risen and Christian hope
Has entered these hearts of ours.

Dear child, it was on Easter Eve,
That they gave your baptismal name ;
And signed with a cross your own fair brow,
In token that Christ's you became.

So ever sing the carols sweet,
 Bring flowers and banners gay,
 Our "Risen Lord" with love to greet,
 On this Holy Easter day.

DAISIES.

Ah! who shall bring me the daisies white,
 On this long bright summer day?
 For the chubby hands of my darling one
 Are plucking them far away.

I scarce can bear the glowing warmth
 Of the sunshine's brightning ray,
 For the buttercups gold and the daisies white
 Are mocking my heart, to-day.

With a song of the past and its joyous hours,
 When the love of my darling child,
 Did brighten my room with the clusters fair,
 Of the daisy's blooming wild.

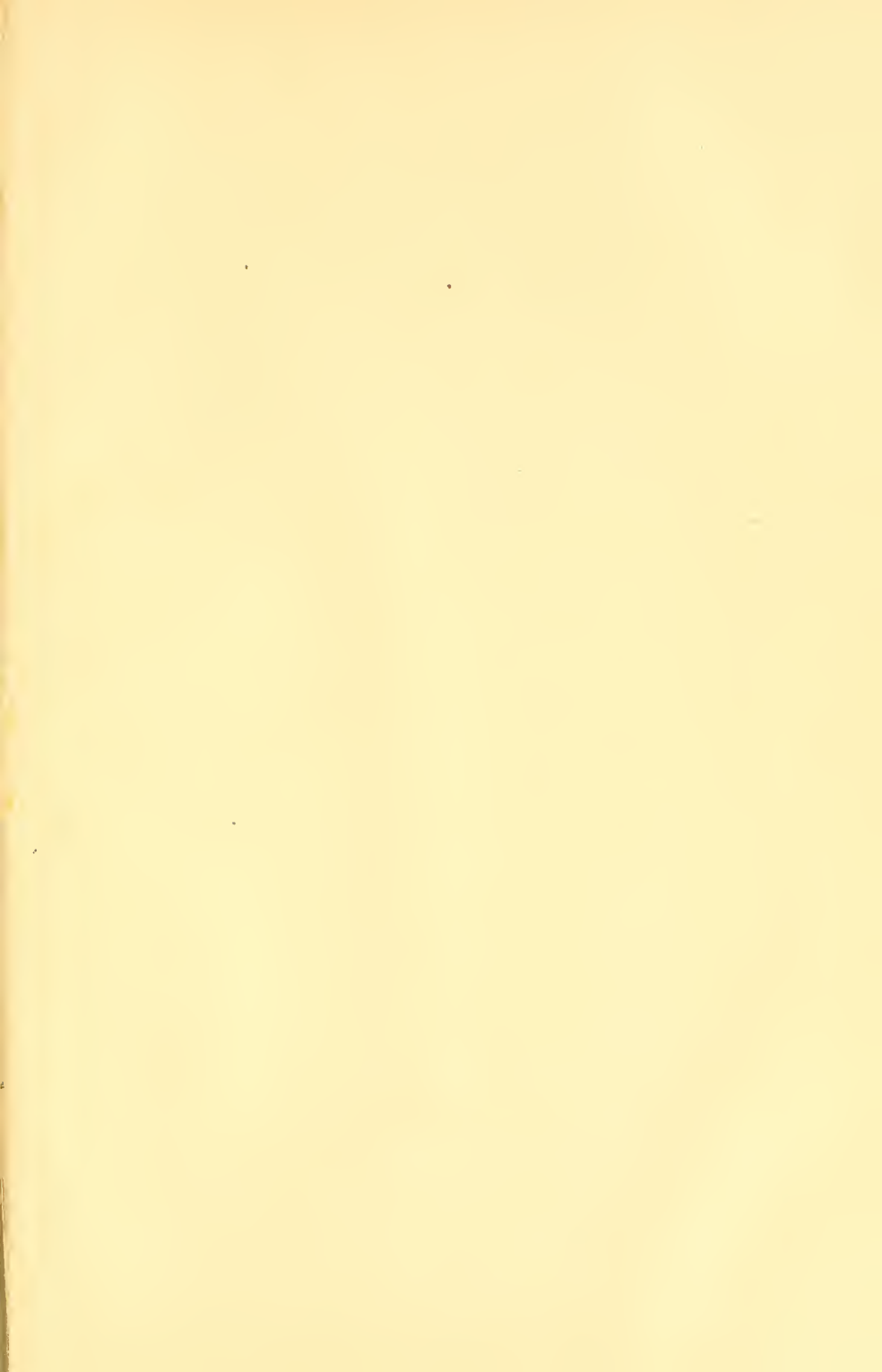
And I twined a wreath for her playworn hat,
Or to garland her floating hair,
And my own heart's love was woven in
With the daisies nestling there.

The beautiful daisies dot the field,
And wave with a graceful nod,
As they catch the odor of clover blooms,
Exhaled from the bright green sod.

So our hearts must bow with a yielding grace,
Though our lives apart are riven,
That we catch the breath of the bountiful gifts
From the Father's hand still given.

And our hearts look up, like the buttercups gold
To garner the heavenly light,
With a joyous hope, that we soon may enfold
Each other with love's delight.

But who shall bring me the daisies white
On this long bright summer day?
While the chubby hands of my darling one
Are plucking them far away.



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